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TONES
FROM A STRANGE HARP,
OR
ORIGINAL × POEMS

WITH ONE ARTICLE IN PROSE, ENTITLED,

An Hour Among the Tombs,

AND

AN APPENDIX OF LITERARY RUBBISH, SUPPOSED TO BE WRIT-
———TEN BY A BOY.———

BY

HIRAM A. HILL.

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PREFACE.

It was said, long ago, there was then nothing new under the sun. In regard to literature, when we consider the vast amount existing at the present time, of both ancient and modern, we may well ask, if any new thought or expression can be produced? In claiming originality for what is contained in the following pages, we are not conscious that a verse or line, not marked as a quotation, has ever been written before. If it should be discovered that it has been, we disclaim intentional copying, and will declare what is thus written, (for the want of a better word to express it,) a coincidence without our knowledge. And, furthermore, it appears to us, that if such should happen to be the case, it would indicate that a writer ought to be familiar with everything that has ever been written, that he may avoid writing what properly and rightfully belongs to others. With these prefatory remarks, we offer the book to the public, and await their criticism.

HIRAM A. HILL.

Marietta, Ohio, May, 1838.



IS IT A JOY FOREVER?

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever;”

That's what is said, but I'll believe it
never;

For the beautiful flower gives joy but an
hour,

Then it fades, and is gone forever.

The rose, on the cheek of the beautiful
child,

It fadeth, also, like the beautiful flower;
When we pressed the kiss, and the little
one smiled,

We thought not of blasting, that comes
in an hour.

But where was the joy, when the tendrils
that clung

To the fond heart, were so suddenly broken?

Who knows of the anguish which the sad
heart wrung,

When the pallor came, of death as the
token?

Is a thing of beauty a joy forever?

I will not say so; no, never, never;

For the beautiful flower gives joy but an
hour,

Then it fades, and is gone forever.

Then do I see thy most beautiful bride,
 When she walks in the way, and leans
 on thine arm;

As, gayly, she walks in life's path by thy
 side.

And holds on thy life such a mystical
 charm.

Her heart, by love's tie, is cemented to
 thine,

And thy dream is of bliss for many a day;
 Tho' the tie is owned by its Author divine,
 The rude blast cometh and takes her
 away.

The sparkle of life is no more in her eye;
 Her beautiful form is now wasted and
 wan;

And the relentless hand of death cometh
 nigh,

And the rose from her cheek, forever, is
 gone.

Then, is a thing of beauty a joy forever?

I will not say so; no, never, never;
 For this beautiful flower bloomed but for
 an hour,

Then faded—was gone forever.

But hope sees a fair clime,
 Where mutations of time

Are known — no, never, never;
 Where the beautiful flower
 Fades not in an hour,
 But blooms forever and ever.

THERE'S NO SOUND FROM THE HARP TO-DAY.

There's no sound from the harp to-day,
 All silent and loose are its strings;
 'Tis so dark and cloudy we say,
 'Tis a time when nobody sings.

We'll wait for a day that is bright;
 We'll wait for its gladdening power;
 When the finger on the harpstring is light;
 And joy is pervading each hour.

We'll sing when the sunlight shall glow;
 Our harmony then will be sweet;
 Th' insp'ration of light we will know;
 Then songs we can gladly repeat.

Oft, we are in gloom when a cloud
 Intercepts the sun's cheering ray,
 Our spirits are weighed by a load,
 When hid is the ruler of day.

Let the "Sun of Righteousness" throw
 A rapturous delight on the soul;

A rapture, God's children will know
 While ages eternal shall roll;
 Then gloom will not darken the day,
 Then the harp will ne'er be unstrung;
 For the angels in Heaven will play
 On the harp, with the song that is sung.
 There the beams, celestial and bright,
 Will never be dimmed by a cloud;
 No shadow will there be of night,
 Where the light is the glory of God.

THE CLOUDS.

Those vast white clouds, that massive lie,
 Lazily, on the summer sky—
 In fancy's dream, how oft have I
 Thought them like a scene of Heaven;
 The abode of spirits: seen.
 As they appear from earth serene,
 And beauteous above earthly scene;
 Enchantment to mortals given.
 And are there spirits them to guide,
 Like pilots on the ocean wide;
 Whose vessels o'er its waters glide,
 And tiny, hidden, helm obey?
 A pleasing scene, to thus behold,
 As by intelligence controll'd,
 The grand and the stupendous, roll'd,
 On th' ethereal blue away.

And do spirits around them stand,
 And hold the thunderbolts in hand?
 Do latent flames, at their command,
 Dart, quick, athwart the lurid sky?
 Obedient to a higher law,
 Whose pow'r inspires with fear, with awe,
 The mortal mind, which never saw
 Omnipotence that reigns on high?

Their mission known, by whose control
 Do their earthshaking thunders roll?
 Who doth decide the limit, goal,
 Where they shall to earth descend?
 And pour the rain upon the "just,
 And unjust," and wet the heated dust
 And fainting flower, and herb, which must
 Die, if rain they did not send?

By some one's fiat, they are made
 To water, mountain, forest, glade,
 Revivify the with'ring blade
 Of the wilted, dying grass;
 To bid again the drooping flow'r
 Exalt its head, its beauty show,
 Never more beautiful than now;
 When the rain is past, and the bow
 Of hope smiles in the gladsome hour.

APOSTROPHE TO THE "OLD FLAG."

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Cleveland, the honored wife of the President of the United States, and to Mrs. Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I

Hail, honor'd ensign of a nation great,
Wave, still triumphant and inviolate;
Though curs'd by traitors, tramp'd in the
dust,
Thou art the beacon in which millions
trust.
Triumphant wave, "Old Flag," thyself se-
cure,
The love of millions makes your honor
sure.
And art thou holden by an angel's hand,
Who for the right and liberty will stand.
Who workest in the line of Providence,
Which for the right proclaims its sure
defense.

II.

Of ail that thou hast seen, if thou could'st
tell,
Where thunders rattl'd, where the brave
ones fell;

II

Lifted in the war-cloud, above the flash
Of gleaming lightnings, and the dreadful
clash

Of desp'rate combat, and the battle's roar,
Which sentenc'd thousands to the silent
shore;

And human gore full many a ghastly stain;
Which they that saw would never see
again;

Where flew the hissing messengers of death,
On mortal mission, in the storm beneath;
If we could see again what thou hast seen,
We all would marvel at thy peaceful
mien.

Triumphant wave; 'twas not the love of war,
That made thee present in its dreadful jar;
Thy place wouldst keep, and never could'st
thou see

Carnage and bloodshed, but for liberty.

III.

O precious liberty, how dearly bought;
By many nations art thou vainly sought;
O, priceless boon, by God, by nature given,
Yet, far from earth, by kings and despots
driven,

A wealth to man, to be esteem'd the most,
In blood and life, how great has been
thy cost!

Why not with watchful care, the gift pre-
serve,

Since they must fight, who would not
tyrants serve?

Liberty dies not, as by sudden stroke,
That fells, by lightning's flash the lofty
oak;

But link by link is forg'd the despot's chain;
By slow degrees, her light is seen to wane;
Then despotism assumes its hateful sway,
And woe succeeds, as night succeeds the
day.

To abject Erin turn the tearful eye;
Beneath oppression, see her children lie;
Through centuries she bears the grievous
load;

Impotent bleeds, beneath the tyrant's rod;
Her flag the symbol of the Shamrock, green,
That trodden underfoot hath ever been.

Erin, your ensign make the "Stripes and
Stars,"

Which no nation conquers, and no ty-
rant mars.

IV.

If by prophetic ken, without pretense,
We see the working of a Providence,
Which shall proclaim a liberated world,
And freedom's flag in every land unfurl'd

Columbia's glory, Gaul's reflected light,
 Dispel the horrors of despotic night;
 Then do we nothing more aver we see,
 Than sure fulfillment of a prophecy.
 When the transition, from a barbarous state,
 Shall all governments of the world trans-
 late,
 And man to man shall then a brother be,
 And, by millennial light, the world be
 free.

V.

Our fathers first thy glorious folds dis-
 play'd,
 And fac'd the British lion undismay'd,
 Proclaim'd their hate of tyrants to the
 world,
 And, at th' oppressor proud, defiance
 hurl'd.
 As ancient hosts, by cloudy pillar led
 Victorious, the trembling nations fled,
 Our foes withdrew, with fearful loss of life:
 Glad to escape the sanguinary strife;
 Now the oppress'd beyond the restless sea,
 Look up in hope, and turn their eyes to
 thee.
 Twice chas'd (the British lion,) to his lair,
 Humbl'd and crestfall'n, thou hast held
 him there;

Tho' he may growl, and show his teeth the
 while,
 He dare not venture from his petit isle.

VI.

We see thy beauty, now exalted high,
 How calmly waving on the summer sky;
 On this the day that gave the nation birth;
 Hail'd with hope through all the troubl'd
 earth;
 In every land, where now the galling yoke
 Is borne with hate, yet never, never broke.

VII.

When the convulsions of intestine strife,
 Threaten'd, so fiercely, once the nation's
 life,
 Thy calm undaunted self, did then appear
 To fill with hope—despairing ones to
 cheer.
 Always, thyself had led to victory;
 Thyself, again, couldst't make the foe
 to flee;
 As they had fled, on many a hard-fought
 field,
 When to the God of right our sires ap-
 peal'd,

The nation threaten'd, by whatever hand,
 For its defense thou'rt quickly seen to
 stand.

VIII.

Thou hast heard the groans of the dying
 brave,
 Who gave their life blood, in the surg-
 ing wave
 Of desp'rate conflict; and who did not
 cower,
 But saved thine honor in the dreadful
 hour.
 Noble dead, that rais'd the strong right
 arm,
 To shield their country from the threat-
 en'd harm,
 When hateful treas'n with guilt, and bra-
 zen fac'd,
 Turn'd to thee and thy sacred folds
 menac'd.

IX.

A grateful state should honor every name,
 And write them down upon the scroll of
 fame;
 And all those names it sacredly should
 keep,
 Nor let one fall in blank oblivion deep.

If they could say, when at their post they
fell,

Our duty known, we did our duty well.

A marble shaft, exalted toward the sky,
Should tell their noble deeds the passer
by;

Long to stand, that all the future race
Might see their names, their love of
country trace;

And go instructed how to emulate
The noble actions of the fallen great.

X.

And thou didst see the wicked treason o'er,
Like waves that spend their fury on the
shore;

Recoiling from the firm, eternal rock
That stands, inviolate, the futile shock.
And waste of treasure, and a waste of life,
In yea s of turmoil, blood and wicked
strife.

For what to gain? O shame; for it was
nought,

But t'hold upon the nation's fame the
blot,

The stain, the curse of human slavery;—
Boasting, the while, "We are a nation
free."

Treason crush'd, thou didst let the traitor
 live;
 Conq'ring not to destroy, but to forgive;
 Did not pursue with spite, revenge and hate,
 To show a people generous as great.

XI

When slav'ry's shadow hover'd o'er the
 land,
 Dark and wicked, on the bondman's hand
 Was seen, strong-riveted, the cruel chain:
 Restless didst thou see the inflicted pain,
 Of the poor sons of Afric', meanly crush'd;
 Look'd on the heinous wickedness and
 blush'd.
 But, as the result of this wicked strife,
 Thou seest the nation holding on to life;
 Looking on thee, old flag, as still more dear,
 Where e'er thy glorious, conq'ring folds
 appear.
 And, too, the tidings spread from sea to
 sea,
 The evil shadow from the nation's fled;
 Her children all enroll'd amongst the free;
 A slave no more his master's whip to dread.
 Thou art, old flag, in all the nations known
 Wafted, by the winds, to every shore;

All nations praise thee, and thy great renown
Shall future races know, forevermore.

XII

But who can know thy future destiny?
What in the future will thy mission be?
Wilt thou be call'd in bloody war, again
Thy beauteous folds, with human gore to
stain?

We hope that thou, full long enough, hast
stood

A witness on the guilt-mark'd field of blood.
We look, in hope, for Christian love to gain
Its sway—the herald of Immanuel's reign;
When "swords to plow-shares, shall all na-
tions beat,"

And cruel war itself no more repeat;
When orphans' tears, the widow's sigh and
moan,

Shall be, forever, in the world unknown;
When "nations shall their righteousness
increase,"

And all the earth be fill'd with love and
peace.

XIII

Good-night, old flag, we now have seen thee
play

With gentle winds, through all the sum-
mer day;

Good-night, and when we're fallen into
 sleep,
 May angels strong the nightly vigil keep.

XIV

The sun has gone down in his red robes of
 fire;
 Did he seem some dragon about to expire,
 After he had run through his fiery race?
 And here comes the night, tho' quite slow
 in the chase,
 She brings a dark veil to lay over his face.

XV

Ere the morning light is gleaming,
 What old flag, will be thy dreaming?—
 It will be of the cannon's roar,
 Of battles fought and battles o'er;
 It will be of the din of war,
 Awak'd again the earth to jar;
 And of the scenes of other days,
 Where marshal'd host its strength arrays.
 And it will be the soldier's dream,
 Where all that was again doth seem;
 The awful scenes of bloody strife,
 Come back to seek the nation's life;
 The marching army's mighty tread,
 The battle-field, the scatter'd dead:

But when the morning light shall gleam
 All those scenes shall fade; —the beam
 Of morning light awakes, awakes;
 The dismal spell it breaks, it breaks;—
 How glad, how glad, 'twas but a dream.

THE FALLEN OAK.

Ah, old oak, you are fall'n at last;
 Long you brav'd the furious blast;
 Your giant arms sway'd to and fro,
 Through many storms of rain and snow;
 And, like a monarch, you have stood,
 The greatest tree of all the wood.
 The thunderbolt, the lightning's blaze,
 Have number'd now thy lengthen'd days.
 Old oak, you saw the red man here,
 Before the white man did appear;
 When the interminable wood
 Was one vast silent solitude,
 Save, when the wild birds gave their song,
 Or wild beasts did their howl prolong.
 Thou hast heard the fierce panther's call;
 The timid deer, hast seen to fall
 Before the huntsman's fatal aim.
 The savage wolf, which none can tame,
 Here, hath the midnight silence broke,
 With hideous howl. Thou, aged oak,

Couldst many wondrous stories tell,
 If thou couldst speak. The red man, (fell
 Foe, that fought his savage race,)

Here spilt his blood before thy face.
 And thou hast seen the cyclone go
 To lay in wrath, thy kindred low;
 While thou didst stem the wrathful storm;
 By strength preserv'd thy mighty form,
 Since thou, a tiny tree, from acorn sprung,
 How many events on the earth, have flung,
 On the heart of nations, distress, dismay?
 What trembling, ere those events pass'd
 away?

Three hundred years do span thy hoary
 age;

In those three hundred, what of battl's rage;
 Forc'd by the call, and the defense of right?
 Thank Providence, the unextinguish'd
 light

Of liberty, beams still upon the earth;
 And more on Columbia, which gave it
 birth.

That absurd dogma, of that absurd thing,
 Which holds a throne, and calls himself a
 king,

By right Divine, hath surely passed away;
 His ill-claim'd right the people took away.
 That vaunted right, to bind, and to enslave
 The feeble color'd race, and then, to have

The action ratified by law divine,
 Is vanish'd with the past, as we opine.
 Still there are vaunting fools enough, who
 say,

That was a right—by wrong was tak'n away;
 In the pulpit, that error still proclaim,
 Nor when they speak it, show a blush of
 shame.

With silly prate, they show the "blather-
 skite,"

With no conceptions of the law of right.
 This ignor'd saying lay upon the shelf,
 Go thou, and "love thy neighbor as thyself."
 To teach such mortals, where shall we begin,
 To show them what is right? By discipline.
 Let them to bondage, for a while be brought;
 Let them be freely sold, and freely bought;
 If not instructed in another school,
 Bring them under a black man's rig'rous
 rule;

Let them hear their master's cat-tail crack,
 And feel its smart, a little, on their back:
 A month or two, would open all their eyes,
 And they would slav'ry in their souls de-
 spise.

But, old oak, we revert to thee,
 And from thyself a lesson learn;
 By course of time, press'd, too, are we,
 Past the inevitable bourne.

Thou art immortal; thy huge frame
 Shall go by slow and sure decay;
 But not one atom lost; thy same
 Body shall live, in other day;
 Shall live in other trees; transferr'd
 By the force of a changeless law;
 Future green leaves, by zephyrs stirr'd,
 Shall from thee, their existence draw.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

Behold yon cottage, by the way,
 In ruins now, where once the gay
 And happy, spent their youthful day;
 Nor thought what life might bring,
 Of sorrow, and distracting care,
 Of ills that many, many bear,
 And sighing say, their grievous share,
 Doth cause their murmuring.

The roof decay'd, the open door,
 The broken window, and the floor,
 Are damp and mildew'd, by a score
 Of years, of storm and rain;
 The lattice, where the columbine,
 With fragrant flow'rs, doth still entwine,
 Though it with rot now shows decline,
 Will ne'er be built again.

The rose-bush, by the broken wall,
 Still lingers, where the eave-drops fall;

And on the lawn, the shade-tree tall;
 Still braves the raging storm;
 The dove-cot's now to ruins gone;
 The broken shrubs upon the lawn,
 With branches many, broken down,
 Have lost their beauteous form.

But of the former inmates; where
 Have they remov'd, what lot to share?
 What burdens of this life to bear?
 What joys to them are given?
 How meet they life's vicissitudes?
 And what unwelcome pain intrudes?
 What is it now, the sad mind broods?
 By what misfortunes riv'n?

In that lone cottage, once, there we're
 Four girls, and they surpassing fair,
 Whose parents, old, their love did share,
 And kindly care and thought;
 But those old folks, long days ago,
 Have pass'd away; and age, though slow,
 Hath brought them to where all must go,
 To share the mortal's lot.

The oldest there, her name was Jane—
 A spotless beauty, chaste:—in vain,
 Night evil seek to mar, to stain
 The virtue of that girl.

Her noble mien would put to awe,
 The wanton, craving mind, that saw
 A victim to deceive, and draw
 In guilty passion's whirl.

And Harriet, too, a lovely girl,
 That stood among the rest a pearl ;
 With rosy cheek, and graceful curl,
 That hung to kiss the rose.
 She married, and then went away ;
 Her I've not seen for many a day ;
 What was her lot, I can not say,
 And none I know that knows.

The others I knew not so well,
 While in the cottage they did dwell ;
 Whether their lot was ill or well,
 Or whether they still live ;
 To tell me now I know of none ;
 For many friends of them have gone
 Away, to distant parts unknown,
 And no account can give.

Of Jane, I heard the other day ;
 She now is old, her hair is gray ;
 And Jane no more is light and gay,
 But wears her noble mien.
 Though poor, a spotless life she led ;
 True to her marriage vows when wed,
 She did the path of virtue tread,
 Through all life's varied scene.

Now, coming near the end of life,
 She retrospects its toil and strife ;
 And sees herself a duteous wife,
 Through life's eventful day ;
 And when she counts tts troubles o'er,
 Troubles many, and troubles sore,
 In all those troubles which she bore,
 Her tears were dried away.

And, though the hand was never seen,
 She knows that hand hath ever been
 Her, and disastrous ill, between ;—
 A never failing pow'r :
 She felt it in her morning pray'r ;
 Also, at noon, she found it there ;
 At quiet eve the same did share ;—
 Support in every hour.

Noble Jane, of most noble mien ;—
 The stamp of virtue there is seen ;
 No evil conscience hath there been,
 To mar, nor to profane.
 Though wealth did not its gifts bestow,
 Nor, on her path, its glitter throw,
 In lowliness, she kept her vow ;—
 Well done, most noble Jane.

THE VISION OF A DAY DREAM.
AN ALLEGORY.

As I was trav'ling on the road one day,
I saw a grim spectre stand in the way ;
But was it a dream, or was I awake ?
That, I presume will no difference make ;
Sometimes we see things in fancy's bright
dream,
And those same things all real do seem.
As I, to this spectre, advanced more near,
It seem'd so ghstly, I trembl'd with fear ;
My heart throb'd quick, when I look'd on
his mien,
For such grim spectre I never had seen.
And now, said he, with a sinister grin,
"You see I stand in the way you are in ;
And where do you go? you must stop right
here."
And then came tremb'ling, again came fear;
"You must stop right there, and stand in
the way,
And listen to me, now, what I shall say."
As I gaz'd on this spectre, grim and gaunt,
I heard him say, mutt'ring, "My name is
Want ;
And I have visited many a door,
Where the people that liv'd were very poor;
And, when they heard that I was coming
near,

They all look'd sorry, and troubl'd with
fear.

Then, plainly, I told them what I could do;
Just as plainly, now, I will tell to you.

I am an enemy, and not a friend,
Ne'er a helping hand, to any, to lend ;
I am like a wolf, that has come to prey,
And take from the poor, their staff and
their stay.

I come around, and cause many to feel
That I'm come a robber, or thief, to steal
Away from the poor, their clothing, their
bread,

And give them nothing but straw, for a bed.
And I have visited both young and old ;
I've made them suffer with the winter's
cold ;

And I have troubled both women and men,
And they wish'd I never would come again.
And, I never came, but I saw their tears,
I heard their deep sighs, and I knew their
fears,

As an enemy, relentless and bold,
I did come to make them shake with the
cold ;

Took joy from their day which heavily
drags ;

Their good clothes I took and gave to them
rags,

When they heard of the misery I could
make,

Again they did sigh, and with fear did
quake.

The children comfortless, in tatters clad,
I give nothing to cheer, or make them glad.
Old rags, in windows, I put here and there,
Their meal-chest I empty, cupboard make
bare ;

The fire I put out, and the hearth make
cold ;

And all things, around, make dirty and
old."

As I heard this spectre, while he did prate,
I fell flat down, in a sorrowful state ;

I felt so bad, and so gloomy, that I
Could then, almost, wish that I soon might
die,

But looking around, I saw very near,
Two travellers who did like angels appear.
And, sternly, they said to me, "Lie not
there!

How forlorn and helpless, and sad you are;
That spectre, you see, can do you no harm,
If you will get up, and take hold of our
arm."

And I said to them, "Are you friends indeed?
Friends, who will be friends, in time of
need ?

And, please, may I ask, what is your name?
And where do you go, and from whence
you came?"

And the first then said, "My name's Fortitude ;

Help for the helpless, I always have stood."

And the other said, "Industry; and I give
A boon to people, to help them to live.

As for that spectre, that stands in the way,
Take hold of my hand, we'll drive him
away."

And so I got up, and felt very well,
And quite recovered from my dismal spell.
These very good friends, in time did appear,
And, speaking so kindly, my soul did cheer.
Then I turn'd round to the spectre, and
said,

Of you now no more I will be afraid ;
For, by the counsel, of this my good friend,
I now am ready with you to contend.

My wife and my children you shall not harm;
Nor ever come near, to give them alarm.

Then I pull'd off my coat, and roll'd up
my sleeves,

My arms I stretch'd out, and said, Look at
these.

The spectre, who once was giant so tall,
Now seem'd like a dwarf, he appear'd so
small.

And, now, said Industry, you look like a
man ;

Move toward this spectre, and do all you
can ;

For I know he here, no longer, can stay,
More to frighten, while you go on your way.
And so, when I came to the spectre more
near,

I saw him move, as if troubl'd with fear ;
And as I advanc'd, he ran quite away,
And I saw him no more, unto this day.

Industry staid with me, like a good friend,
And said, I will help you along to the end.
But I said, This spectre will find the poor,
And, to their great grief, he'll enter their
door ;

And I know their poor hearts with pain
will ache,

When, from their table, their bread he
shall take.

Then I thought of my wife, my own dear
home,

I said, I wonder if he there will come,
To frighten my wife, as he frighten'd me ;
Then I'll hurry on to my home, and see.

And I went on, and soon got to my home,
And, as soon I, anxious, there did come,
I saw my dear wife, as she stood in the door,
And I ne'er saw her look so fair before ;

Her face was smiling, and smooth was her
hair ;

Then I thought the spectre could not be
there.

And I said, Dear wife, was a spectre here ?

Why, no, my child ; why did you ask my
dear ?

Then I told her what I had seen in the way ;

The very worst thing, for many a day ;

And, about what he told me he could do ;

Then I felt worri'd for my home and you.

And I told her of my friends Fortitude

And Industry, who for me kindly stood.

Then I went to the cupboard, and look'd
in there, .

And saw enough victuals, and some to spare.

Then I said, O, Want, you haven't been
here,

And I am so glad you did not appear.

Then I said to my wife, Where is your
purse ?

He would take that, as a matter of course ;

This terrible spectre, whose name is Want,

So grim and so ghastly, so poor and gaunt.

Her hand she put in her pocket, and drew

A number of dollars, all bright and new ;

Some of them silver, a few of them gold,

And laugh'd, as she them in her hand did
hold.

I look'd at my wife, and I said, My dear
 How joyful I am, that Want is not here.
 Then she said, "About him I will not care,
 While I have a man, so brave as you are."
 I said, "Call the children ; ask if him they
 saw,

If e'er they saw Want," and she said, "Oh la!
 The children are happy, as they can be ;
 And I know no harm from him they will
 see.

Then, to the baby, she sang lullaby,
 "My baby will go to sleep, by and by,
 Baby shall dream of no sorrow nor care,
 We have got enough bread, and some to
 spare ;

And the angels shall my sweet baby keep :
 For, now, my baby is going to sleep."
 And then I, myself, sat down in a chair,
 And felt quite happy that want was not there.
 But soon I heard a sad voice at the door,
 Of a man that seem'd quite forlorn and poor ;
 And he said, I am sick, I live down there ;
 A grim spectre appear'd, my wife to scare.
 This ugly spectre said his name was Want,
 And he look'd very ghastly, poor and gaunt ;
 My wife she is crying, her heart doth ache,
 For this cruel spectre our bread did take.
 Ss id I to my wife, "We have bread to spare ;
 We'll fill up a basket and go down there ;"

For the Master saith, “‘Tis more bless’d to
give,”

Yes, “more blessed, than a gift to receive.”

And so we went down, and drove Want
away,

And were happy and joyful, all that day.

To all you people, who have read

This vision of a dream ;

I hope these words, that I have said,

Will real to you seem.

Because I have no wish but this,

That it may do you good ;

I ne’er would dare to write amiss,

Let it be understood.

WILL YOU MARRY FOR MONEY?

There is a truth I will relate,

And it will do no harm, to state

To very low, or very great.

It is for men, both great and small,

For women in th’ unmarried state ;—

In a word, it will do for all

Who have not yet obtained a mate.

With me, it has been a cherish’d thought ;

And many this truth have dearly bought,

When in a trap, they were sadly caught—

Caught in a terrible thrall.

To all you people, who ever sought

To tie, with money, the nuptial knot ;
 To you, to you, this truth is taught ;
 Will you hear my friendly call ?
 Indeed, my friends, you never ought
 To carelessly, enter such a plot ;
 For, in it, I am sure there is not
 Happiness—no, not at all.
 Now this is the truth which I have brought ;
 'Twere better to lie in the grave and rot,
 And have your name and fame forgot,
 Than marry, and have no love in your lot :
 Tho' life with many an ill is fraught,
 Yet love is a balm for them all ;
 Yes, love is a balm for them all, I wot ;
 Yes love is a balm for them all.
 The devil, with money, in no kind of
 weather,
 Should at all, be permitted to tie two to-
 gether ;
 For he'll surely raise up a squall,
 When you are tied to a wife,
 In an unhappy life.
 With gloom, worse than the gloom of the pall
 Or you are tied to a man, whom you don't
 love at all,
 And your life is like wormwood and gall.
 Do you say it is wrong—
 This monotonous song ?
 I ask you its counsel to ponder ;

Nor from happiness stray,
When have it you may,
If you will not, wilfully, foolishly, wander.

AN HOUR AMONG THE TOMBS.

The cemetery is an interesting place of resort, to all, except the man whose soul is absorbed, by the transitory things of this world. To a person who thinks much of the future that lies beyond, it seems as the gate, which opens from this world to another. Hence, such persons will be found visiting occasionally, these resting places of the dead. They can there, at least, be near the bodies of friends who have passed away, and, though they can not call them up from the tomb, their remembrance of them is revived, and they seem to be brought nearer to them, by standing by their graves. I once heard a man say, there was no spot on the green earth where he would rather have his body repose after death, than in the beautiful Mound Cemetery, at Marietta, Ohio. The beauty of this cemetery is enhanced by the mound, that stands in the inclosure. Though it was built by a people, of whom we are as ignorant, as of those who built the pyramids of Egypt, yet, the mound,

and its surrounding parapet, will always be regarded with great interest. In strolling among the graves, recently, I stopped before one, and my memory called to mind the person buried there, in my childhood days. The grave was that of a young lady. Well do I remember her, as being of remarkable beauty, and of irreproachable character. She had scarcely seen twenty summers, when she, unfortunately, made the acquaintance of a gentleman—did I say gentleman? I should have said, a man of fine appearance, and not a good heart. There was an attachment, on her part, that did not secure the realization of her expectations. The man went away; and nobody cared for that, apart from the lady and her friends; but people thought it was a pity he ever came to the place. It was reported that the excessive grief, caused by disappointment, brought on typhus fever, which proved fatal. I did not attend her funeral, but I remember seeing the procession pass by; the coffin borne upon the shoulders of two young men. A sad story, yet true, according to my information; though having a romantic tinge. Poor, unfortunate girl, how often have I thought of her sad history. But I

suppose, if the pages of the personal history of our fellow creatures were opened before us, we should find many, alas, how many, who just as they were entering upon the plain of an expanded life, they met the same misfortune, and were blighted like the flower, nipped by the cruel frost. With a sympathy, which irresistably rushes upon us, we mention them sorrowfully as

THE DISAPPOINTED.

What withering grief, can fade life's leaf,
Like love, when unrequited?
When a loving heart is torn, apart
From one, in falsehood plighted.

When fond affection makes its plea,
And finds it coldly slighted,
'Tis like the tender flow'rs we see,
By frosts, unwelcome, blighted.

Enchanter and deceiver, Oh,
How cruel was thy mission ;
To fill the heart with cureless woe—
To bring such sad condition.

What gain to thee, to grieve this one,
Who of sorrow ne'er showed token?
To cause the faded, pallid cheek,
That tells of a heart that's broken?

No pleasing scene now charms away,
 The mental pain she's made to bear ;
 No holycon thought, now, soothes and
 cheers,
 For mortal grief hath enter'd there.

Like faded flower, she's gone to rest ;
 With us is left but lifeless clay ;—
 The thorn would never leave her breast—
 She wept, and moan'd her life away.

Enchanter and deceiver, know,
 If no conscience now awake thee.
 The hour must come, when keen remorse,
 Will surely, for thy sin o'ertake thee.

No doubt, there are those, who will say, Christian fortitude is sufficient to surmount the trouble I have mentioned. It is all well enough to talk, but, positively, when I consider the diversity there is, in the mental and spiritual constitution of the human race, I am not prepared to judge hastily in such a matter ; let others do as they may. The difference in our physical structures is plainly seen, and, it is manifest, that a burden that one can bear, can not be borne by another. If the difference in our mental and spiritual structures, were as apparent, then, it would be, also, mani-

fest, that mental trouble, that could be borne by one, would cause another to sink under it. Therefore, I will not judge in this case; but am willing to leave her in the hand of God, whose goodness transcends our comprehension.

As thoughtfully, I come away from her grave, I cast a glance at the mound, that stands like a silent sentinel, keeping watch over the dead, that lie sleeping around its base; and I say, it is a reminder of the wonderful creations of genii, described in fabulous history.

I must close now, but, before I do, let me give a word of friendly advice, which is free to all, ladies or gentlemen, who would play the part of the man I have described, as not having a good heart. Be honest, be sincere, be conscientious, be true, be candid, don't trifle, be kind and unselfish; and there will be no pain inflicted, and no painful retribution that can follow.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

A good friend in need,
Is a friend indeed,
Who will, in trouble appear;

With sympathy's hand,
 He ever will stand,
 To take from sorrow its tear.

And tender's the heart,
 Whenever the smart,
 Of sad adversity, falls
 On the poor mans way,
 In sorrowful day,
 Which the grief its own it calls.

And love is the gift.
 To bless and to lift,
 From sore affliction, its gloom ;
 The trouble which hath
 Fell down on our path,
 It will a portion assume.

BY THESE WATERS LET MY DUST REPOSE.

The sun has ris'n from the eastern hills,
 And on the world, a flood of glory pours;
 The zephyr, now awak'd, its mission fills,
 And fans, with gentle wings, the morning
 hours.

The god of day laughs at the vanquish'd
 night,
 Who from his glowing face, in haste, hath
 fled ;

Her starry jewels taken in her flight,
 And garments dark, as from her place she
 sped.

Those graceful hills, with sylvan vesture
 clad,

Where flit, from morn till night, the feath-
 er'd throng,

Stand silent and mute; yet, ever, seeming
 glad,

To hear their varied and their joyous song.

Out in the balmy air, on dewy wing,

The robin greets his partner with a song;

While, down the vale, his notes melodious
 ring,

And echo doth the cheerful sound prolong.

Now on yon lonely tree-top in the vale,

There sits alone, the mourning cooing dove;

But its solemn note is not the mournful wail

Of sorrow, but the poor bird's voice of love.

The red bird, in his crimson vesture gay,

To his, now absent, mate sends forth his call;

He, too, is full of love, and his love-lay,

When heard, will be remember'd by us all.

The nightingale,* which is the first in song,

Vies with the robin in his vocal pride;

*This beautiful bird is called the Cat-bird. He
 is a charming singer.

Nor weary of the strain, he flies along
The shady dell, and cheers his loving bride.

Now from the tangl'd grass, and weeds
near by,

The timid quail essays his labor'd flight ;
And on the fence top, by yon field of rye ;
He chimes his own peculiar note—*Bob White*.

Now let me pass along, and by this pool,
Where idle stands the gather'd flock of
geese.

As I come near, they hiss me for a fool,
And I say, "Right"; nor take offense from
these.

And, as I leave them, do I hear them say,
"He's a writer, no better than a goose?"
Then to the water slow they make their way,
And all, at once, a gabbling laugh let loose.

As still I look upon them, while they swim,
I say, "The sight is pleasing ; and I know
I trace the goodness, and the care of Him,
Who doth this care in all creation show.

Unknown to Him, 'A sparrow cannot fall ;'
His watchful care is every creature o'er:—
In nature this is plainly taught to all ;
And man should heed it, nor the truth
ignore."

But come thou philosopher, so ill nam'd;
Is nothing made? Do all things come by
chance?

Look on these creatures, wonderfully fram'd,
And then that argument of fools advance.

Their webb'd paddles, their impervious coat,
Proclaim, at once, their Maker had design;
See how gracefully their bodies float—
Behold, and know the hand that made
divine.

And now I leave the geese, and leave the
pool,

To gather still again, of nature's lore;
They unto me, at least, have been a school,
Where I could learn what I knew not before.

Here note the contrast with the life of man,
So oft made bitter by the pangs of grief;
Who wise, yet ignorant, often fails to scan
The great Creator's work, through unbelief.

The slumb'ring world, arous'd again to life,
Pursues its wonted, busy course the while;
And nature, with a calm serenity,
Looks from the morn, and greets us with a
smile.

Free from the eager throng, oppress'd with
care,

This hour I give to her;—her soothing
charms

Are more to me, than all the world can bear,
Of wealth or glory, in its outstretch'd arms.

Let it lay them at my wandering feet ;—
O'er them I stumble not, but still pursue
The charms of solitude ; where I may meet
Her with ecstasy, and my bond renew.

My love to her shall lead me to adore
The Invis'ble, that all things does uphold ;
My faith ascending to the far off shore,
Where the redeem'd dwell, in th' eternal
fold.

How many there, whose presence, now no
more,
Cheers us on, in our lonely, lonely day:—
With sunder'd ties, they've left us to deplore
Their absence, while we plod life's troubl'd
way.

Here do I see, now gliding by my feet,
The Ohio's waters, beautiful and clear,
Where once the red man, with his tiny fleet,
Pursued his wonted way, with none to fear.

But the red man's gone, and the eager white
Its bosom tears, with thunders of his steam;—
Everywhere, from vale to mountain height,
The white man breaks, of solitude, the
dream.

Emblem of peace, thy slowly flowing tide
 Is onward tending to the ocean's strand ;
 While on thy waters skims, "of art the
 pride."

The work of genius, and of Fulton's hand.

Beautiful river, ling'ring by thy side,
 How the memory, of the past, recalls;
 When, in youth, I saw thee in thy pride,
 Rolling majestic 'mid thy forest walls.

Companions of youth, whither have they
 fled ?

Many away to other lands have stray'd ;
 But, ah, how many slumber with the dead,
 To leave the number small, who here have
 stay'd.

When the concussion of fraternal strife,
 Which shook the nation once, from shore
 to shore,

Roll'd its thunders, all with terror rife.
 Still this stream its peaceful tenor bore.

But once its waters, clear, were stain'd
 with blood ;

But once the god of war his echoes threw
 Against the hills, that skirt the crystal flood,
 And then departed, with his hosts, from
 view.

Is there enchantment found in other lands?
 Do trav'lers tell us of enrapt'ring scenes?
 There's naught of beauty, in a land far off,
 That, from thy pleasing charms, my spirit
 weans.

Here, where my infancy first saw the light;
 Here, where manhood hath walk'd life's
 rugged way :
 Here, from life's morning till its coming
 night,
 Still let me live, nor from thy beauties stray.

O, would, that I could say, in all that life,
 No thorny path my weary feet have trod :
 Would, I could say, in all its toil and strife,
 That life was perfect, in the sight of God.

Life's day, like all, must have its setting sun;
 O'er its brightness succeeding night must
 close ;
 Its moments fleet, with all have swiftly run:
 Then, by these waters, let my dust repose.

There now our fathers, who have gone be-
 fore,
 Are sleeping in their long, un awaken'd sleep;
 Unmindful of the turmoil on thy shore ;
 Though not, of us, (may be) who now their
 mem'ry keep.

They, in their day, have met life's varied
scenes ;

Now in war their country's rights defending;
Now, when vict'ry crowns their earnest
strife,

Hailing peace, upon the land descending.

The heritage they've left us is a boon,
By blood and suff'ring, Oh, how dearly
bought ;

In the morning batt ling, and at radiant
noon,

For liberty, as soldiers true, they fought.*

Here many gorgeous sunsets have I seen,
Each one saying, There is one less to see.
Yet, oh, how many rude storms hath there
been ;

But each saying, There is one less to be.

*Ephraim Foster, my maternal grandfather, belonged to the first New Hampshire regiment, of the Continental army, in the war of the revolution. At the battle of Monmouth, New Jersey, June 28th. 1778, he was overcome and disabled, by the excessive heat of that unusually warm day.—*From the records of the Pension Office.*

My father, Alexander Hill, was commander of a company of infantry in the 19th regiment, U. S. Army, war of 1812. This company was actively engaged in repelling the attack of the British forces on Fort Erie, on the morning of August 14th, 1814.

The flying hours of life will soon have gone;
 The welcome footfalls, at the cottage door,
 Will not, to any there, again be known,
 And life's vicissitudes will all be o'er.

Let me know, that the joys of youth again,
 Will be recover'd in the future; then
 My life of labor, and of care and pain,
 Will be forgotten, nor recalled again.

Life's remnant then would be unbroken
 peace;
 With gladness filled which brings the tear-
 less eye;
 Then earthly cares and troubles all would
 cease.

And then, if I could lay me down to die,
 Like the infant, calmly falling into sleep,
 While angels o'er the event, vigil keep,
 These waves, that murm'ring ripple at my
 feet,
 Should sing my requiem, without a sigh.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD.

When I was a child, I then thought if I
 Could go to the top of a hill, near by,
 And there could climb to the top of a tree,
 I certainly then all the world could see;
 And could surely touch the sky.

But swiftly, since then, how the days have
 pass'd,
 And the years the vanishing years have
 chas'd ;
 And now my child thought, it comes back
 again ;
 But it comes with pleasure, and not with
 pain,
 For in it the child is trac'd.

So, when the labors of life shall be o'er,
 And our spirits are borne to other shore,
 Our ignorance here, we will not regret,
 If enough we did know, to guide our feet,
 From sin's insidious door.

APPENDIX.

Let the reader, if a man, remember that he was a boy, once, himself ; and if a woman, I suppose she will not have forgotten her girlhood days. And if what is written here should direct their thoughts, from

The whirlpool of strife,

In the middle age life,

it may not be, altogether, an unpleasant thing to do ; but may afford a momentary pleasure.

THE SMALL BOYS' LITERATURE.

dere sis. i am goin to rite you a letter.
 unkel jo says i Cant spel very well but i am

not goin to have any big words. unkel jo and me was in the garden and we saw somthing on the fens and He Said it was a Lizard. it had 4 legs And looked Bad as a snake. it got away it did or unkle jo woud a kild it. I dont no if they will Bite or Not. unkel jo says there is Big lizards in The world and tha call em alumgaters and crokidiles. Crokidiles is most twenty foot long and tha liv in a plase cald Ejip. alumgaters livs down whare there is lots of Blak foks. i saw a picter of a alumgater and He had a blak boy in his mouth eten him up. i dont b'leve ide live whare tha liv anyhow. unkel jo says if one of them little Lizards gets one of its legs cut of a new leg will gro on. i dont no if it woud on a crokidile or not. Unkel jo told me about a Bare a man had tied with a chain. a man dropt somthing on the flore for the bare to eat and it was to far for the bare to get with his fore paw so he turnd round he did and put out his hind leg and puld it up to him so he coud eat it. i tell you a bare nos moren you think tha do. unkel jo says bares dont eat anything in the winter tha just get as fat as tha can and then go to sleep and sleep all winter. a boy coud not do that. ive seen a picter of a Bare and

tha liv in the woods. i saw a lion and a tiger in a show wagon goin up strete. a elefant was there but he was to big to ride in the wagen. a elefant is a mity big animul. unkel jo says rats is animuls that nos mor n ide think tha woud. he heard a story about a rat that got on a shelf and there was a bottle of oil there that didn't hav any cork in it, and the rat put his noze up to the bottle but couldn't get any oil. so he got up and put his tail down in the oil he did and took it out quik and likd the oil of of his tail. i bleve a rat is purty sharp. i wish i had a little dog. ive got 6 marbls and a top and unkol jo is goin to by me a harp and then ile have lots of fun. good Bi

AN OLDER BOY TRIES HIS HAND AT POETRY.

POEM NO. I, FOR AN ALBUM.

“Had I a bird of fabl'd powers,
To wing an interchange of love ;
I' lade its neck with blooming flow'rs,
And send it forth to thee my dove :
And, on each flow'r, should written be,
A token of my love for thee.
And then, dear friend, I know you'd send

The little servant back again ;
 And would not let its wings extend,
 To be the messenger of pain ;
 But it should tell of love as true
 For me, dear friend, as mine for you.

POEM NO. 2. COURTSHIP.

O, lady fair, I must declare,
 My heart is giv'n to thee ;
 If thou woulds't deign my lot to share,
 Then, gladly, would I woo thee.

That charming smile doth, all the while,
 Your beauty bring before me ;
 By night, by day, where'er I stray,
 A charm thou holdest o'er me,

Fair forms, I know, in fancy grow ;—
 It none like thine can fashion ;
 For thou hast made my heart to glow
 With love, the heav'n-born passion.

Then lady fair, let me declare
 My soul's desire to marry ;
 If thou would'st come and dwell with me,
 O lady, do not tarry:

Nor linger long, for, in this song,
 You hear love's earnest pleading;
 Let not disdain requite me pain,
 All other pain exceeding.

If you love me, as I love thee,
 There's naught our souls can sever ;
 Two hearts, in love, that do agree,
 Are parted never, never.

And gliding down the stream of life,
 Ourselves thus join'd together,
 I'll love thee, as my darling wife,
 And ne'er will seek another.

**THE VISION OF A DAY DREAM,
 THE MARTIN AND THE
 SNOW BIRD.**

A FABLE.

An unfortunate martin, that had lost its
 mate,
 Was flying around in disconsolate state ;
 His companion had died, and left him alone,
 In, grief, and in sorrow his sad loss to
 moan.

The martins, all round him, their pity could
 show,

But could not afford a relief to his woe.
 This poor little martin, he liv'd all alone,
 In a neat little cottage, he call'd his own ;
 But quite lonesome was he, and burden'd
 with care,

Because his companion, his mate, was not
 there.

And he said, "I am grieving o'er my sad lot

I can think of none, I have none in my
mind ;

For the martins all round are married, my
dear,

And to choose me a wife, I can find none
here,

To relieve my loneliness, I'm sure I know
Not where in this wide world, I would bet-
ter go."

"It is true," said his friend, as quick as a
wink,

"Of what you have told me I did not think;
But you can stay with us, and our song
you'll hear,

And we will do what we can, your days to
cheer."

Then again this friend, she flew quickly
away,

And left the poor martin, all alone to stay.
And then this poor lone bird said, "While
she was here,

Her soft kindly prattle, my sad heart did
cheer ;

But now she has gone, I am still more in
gloom,

And I almost wish that she never had come.'

And now the poor widower went to his door,
Look'd again on the world, and his state
thought o'er.

And as he stood list'ning, and heard the
birds sing,

He, suddenly, heard near a fluttering wing;
Then looking around him, he beheld, near
by,

A snow-bird, who said unto him with a sigh,
"My dear Mr. Martin, sir, how do you do?"
Then, close to his side, she instantly flew,
And then, to the martin, without any balk,
She began to prattle, and with him to talk.
And she said, "I heard you were living alone,
And to share in your loneliness there was
none;

Now with you, dear sir, I can well sym-
pathize;"

(She then commenc'd weeping, and wiping
her eyes;)

Said she, "My companion, took sick long
ago,

And died, and left me alone in my woe;

Now lonely I wander in the world to an
fro."

"And so," said the martin, "'tis plain I can
see,

That all the mis'ry has not fall'n on me;

That others around, the same trouble do
share,

Misfortune do meet, and sore trouble do
bear."

And then did he say, "I am living alone
In this little house, which I call my own;
And in it, I'm sure, there's enough room
for two,

Enough room for me and enough room for
you;

And, if you will accept of this as your home,
Out in the cold world you need never to
roam,"

"I will," said the snow-bird, "and I am so
glad,
Your home I will share, and no more will
be sad."

Then the martins, around, began to surmise,
A wedding might be, and the martins sur-
prise;

So, two of their number went down, quick
as thought,
And found the lone martin and bird in his
cot.

Then said the martins, "We have not come
to mock,

But would like to have, with you, a friend-
ly talk;

So, when Mrs. Snow-bird went out for a
while,

This innocent bird they began to revile;
And said, "if you marry her, as sure as we
speak,

You'll rue it, you'll rue it, in less than a week.

And, too, we do teil you, right square to your face,

To marry a snow-bird, will bring you disgrace;

The like of such wedding we ne'er heard before;

We now would advise you to give this thing o'er."

Then said the lone bird, with tears in his eyes,

"I do not see how I can take your advice;
For this dear little bird has charm'd my poor heart,

And I can not, I can not, with the dear part."

A bird is a bird, why care for the feather,
If we are happy, ourselves joined together."

At this his two friends, in a huff, would not stay,

But left the poor wid'wer, to take his own way.

And when they departed, the lone martin said,

"You my dear snow-bird I am ready to wed;
And so to a magistrate now we will go,
Come under my wing now, and I'll be your beau."

Now the martins before this, had all agreed,
(And unto him now they all hasten'd with speed,)

Whenever they wanted expounded bird-law,
 That the owl should be judge; whenever
 they saw
 That laws quite important by them should
 be known;
 And so, to the owl, all the martins had flown,
 Before the lone bird and his bride could
 get there,
 And, to the magistrate, the news they did
 bear.
 They told him a martin a snow-bird would
 wed;
 To know if 'tis lawful, we'll know what is
 said.
 And then, before they had quite finish'd
 their talk,
 The lone bird and his bride were seen in
 the walk.
 Then said the bridegroom, "I've come to
 the judge,
 And from my firm purpose, I never will
 budge;
 Though I see all my friends are here to
 forestall,
 I'll listen to none of them; no, not at all;
 When love drives the car, it will take the
 whole flock,
 And more, yea, many more its strong
 wheels to lock."

And so to the judge then, they came face to
face,

And while they stood near him, they made
known their case.

“Well,” said the judge, “I had late hours
the last night,

And, to-day, I’m not in a very good plight;
The statutes of bird-law, I have not at hand,
And my memory does not them now com-
mand ;

But, my dear martins, it was said long ago,
(And this is a fact I suppose you all know,)
That all the birds, that are of the same
feather,

Are in the habit of flocking together.”

“If my mem’ry serves me, I know of no law,
To prevent different kinds, if proper they
saw.”

And now, my dear friends, I to this will
agree,

If you will your peace hold, and I get my
fee,

I’ll marry this snow-bird and martin just
now,

And I’ll make it all legal, as you shall all
know ;

And if this marriage should turn out for
the worse,

Let them come to me, and I’ll grant a di-
vorce.”

“But mind,” said the judge, “in fair
weather or foul,

A fee must be paid to the magistrate owl.”

The martins, all round, then set up a clatter,

So none could tell then just what was the
matter ;

But such great regard had they all for the
law,

That they tho’t, for the judge, they’d give
a hurrah.

The wedding being o’er, then they all went
home ;

But, to speak to the bride, no martin would
come.

So the bride and the groom went home in
high glee,

And said, “Now we’re married how happy
we’ll be.”

So, when they they got home, he spoke
thus to his wife,

“We will now know the pleasure of wedded
life ;

But I’m sorry to tell you, my snow-bird dear,

That the martins around will not help our
cheer ;

For they were offended, because I did wed,

And a snow-bird bring to my board and
my bed ;

For martins are social with martins, you
know,

But with birds of your feather they will
not go.”

“We will try to do nothing for further offense,
And, may be, their good will we’ll get by
a chance,”
And so the time pass’d on, and the now
wedded pair
Thought themselves as happy, as married
folks are.
All day there was peace ; and there ne’er
came a jar,
Or word spoken that did their happiness
mar.
But it happen’d one day, though late in the
year,
That it got quite cold, and some snow did
appear ;
Then said Mrs. Martin, “Hurrah for the
snow !
I’m so glad to see it, and out I will go ;
And come, my dear husband, I’m sure
you’ll not freeze,
Let us go out and have some fun, if you
please.”
“Oh, no,” said Martin, “I am now nearly
froze,
If I stay in the house, I’ll put on more
clothes ;
And, indeed, I do feel like building a fire.”
“Not so,” said his wife, “for I ll surely
expire:

And you know, very well, I can't stand the
heat,

If you do make a fire, I'll from it retreat."

"And now, my dear husband, why can't
we agree?

Hurrah for the snow! now, the snow is for
me ;

And in it I'll go, if all alone you see."

Then out she did go, and she slamm'd to
the door,

Saying, "Such a cold bird I ne'er saw be-
fore."

Mr. Martin was cold, and thought it no
harm

To build up a fire, to keep himself warm ;

Then look'd from the window, and saw his
wife play,

Then he heav'd a deep sigh, and said
"Lack-a-day ;

She plays in the snow, while it is my desire,
I am now so chilly, to build me a fire ;

And I'll start up a fire, and then I will go

Over to my neighbors, to see how they do.

For my part, to-day, I'm not feeling quite
well ;

Perhaps, if I go, 'twill relieve my bad spell;

And when I get home, Mrs. Martin will be

Through with her sporting, and then we
will agree

In matters as to how the house should be
kept ;

And when I shall come, I'll find it clean
swept,

And all things in order, all over the house;
Then we'll be ready for a good night's re-
pose."

So, when he came home, and then open'd
the door,

He saw Mrs. Martin was looking quite sour;
"So you've been with your friends," said
she with a sneer,

"And cared not for me, how I get along
here;

I suppose you think more of the Martins
than me;

And, if that is so, we can never agree."

Said Martin, "My dear wife let jealousy go,
And think of the pleasure you had in the
snow;

You know, my little bird, that you I do love,
And nothing, nothing, my affection can
move."

He look'd at his wife, and then the house
o'er,

The fire was all out, and, all over the floor,
The snow was well scatter'd, and some on
the bed,

And some lay in the fire-place, as it was said.

Mr. Martin quite cold said, "It will be
strange,

If in the weather we don't soon have a
change;

And then this snow business will come to
an end;

Then, much more happily, my life I will
spend."

But, to Mrs. Martin, there was not a word
Of dissatisfaction or fretfulness, heard.

And when the night came, to the bed they
repair'd,

For both were drowsy, and Mrs. Martin
quite tired.

Then said the good lady "I never can sleep
With so many bed clothes, piled up in a
heap:"

Then she hepp'd out of bed, and pull'd
off the clothes,

And her dear husband, who had got in a
doze,

Said "My dear, dear lady, for mercy's sake
hold,

For I am shaking, and will die with the
cold."

Then dear Mrs. Martin these words did
repeat,

"You may as well die with cold, as I with
heat;"

And so Mr. Martin, he shiver'd all night,
And dream'd sad dreams of his horrible
plight.

My story now, has grown quite long,
 And I do wish to close ;
 For on the reader's patience, more
 I care not to impose.

Suffice to say, this wedded pair,
 Did never happy live ;
 For Mrs. Martin went away,
 And he to his friends to grieve.
 But if the judge e'er got a fee,
 For granting a divorce,
 'Tis not worth while for me to say;
 'Twould make the story worse.

The lesson, designed to be taught in the foregoing is, that incompatibility, existing with people in the married state, is often the cause of conjugal infelicity. Our object in writing, should be to do good ; and, if the reading of these lines, should, in the least, have a tendency to prevent the union in marriage, of persons of incongruous characters, a great amount of unhappiness will be prevented.

COURTSHIP.

O darling, think of me kindly ;
 I am thinking of thee all the day ;
 O darling, without thee I'm lonely,
 Yes, lonely and drear is my way.

If I had the "wings of a dove,"
 To help me from heart-ache to flee,
 Those wings, by the strength of my love,
 Would bear me away unto thee.

My memory turns to thee fondly,
 And I hope it goes well with thee ;
 I'm longing, yes, I am longing,
 My beautiful darling to see.

O darling you are not so cruel,
 As to tell me forever, no, no ;
 I am sure, darling, you will not
 Say, ever and always, no, no.

WIFE.

Batt'ling the rude storms of life,
 Weari'd by the constant strife,
 In the paths, with cares so rife,
 How sad is man without a wife.
 When there comes the bitter grief,
 And he seeks from it relief,
 This life's sorrows, long or brief,
 Are soothed by the angel wife.
 If scath'd by ill fortune's wrath,
 Then she smooths life's rugged path ;
 And she, ever present, hath
 The gift, and the power to charm.
 How often she clears the way,
 And keeps the rude storm at bay,

As by her seeming feeble arm.
 Then when the end appears,
 And the king of terrors nears,
 And cold is the creeping billow ;
 Then where can he comfort find?
 A hand that's so soft and kind?
 Who like her can smooth his pillow?

LOVE.

“Love me little love me long”—
 Is that the burden of a song?
 No; let your love be pure and strong ;
 Love me thus life's way along;
 Love me when I'm fair and young,
 With beauty's graces on me flung ;
 When my star of hope is hung
 High the joyous stars among.
 Love me when that star doth wane ;
 When my heart doth ache with pain,
 When soothing help is all in vain,
 And sighs and grief come back again.
 My pillow smooth, with loving hand,
 And, watchful, at my sick bed stand;
 The wondrous charm of love command,
 And let me know it from thy hand.
 Yes, love me when my hair grows gray ;
 When age hath come to wint'ry day;
 When youthful joys have fled away,

And with me now no more will stay.
 Let your love be christian love,
 Like to that in heav'n above.
 As thou livest, may it prove
 Love that never will remove.
 Let your love be like the river,
 Flowing onward ever, ever.
 Being dried up never, never.
 Like the ceaseless current strong,
 Through life's thorny way along;—
 Make this the burden of your song.

THE POET.

The man who would leave the real,
 And then try to live in the ideal,
 Will likely run into a snare;
 Like the man who leaves a meal of steaks,
 And then, afterwards, he undertakes
 To feed a craving stomach on the air. ,

Like the poet, who is the fool, of fools;
 Who swims in fancy, and ignores the rules,
 Laid down for all, by common sense;
 To gain for body, needed clothes and food,
 And to, always, have it understood,
 That bread is won, not without toil, expense.

But 'tis a very pleasant thing to soar
 High up in fancy; and to then look o'er

The sordid, grov'ling, world beneath ;
 But he, who soars too long, will likely fall,
 Down to the nether world ; and all,
 To get discomfort, not fame's wreath.

A GOOD WOMAN AND GOOD MAN.

A good woman is a treasure, by heaven lent;
 A bad one, vexation, by the devil sent;
 A good man is like a rare commodity,
 Look'd on, by many, as a wondrous oddity.

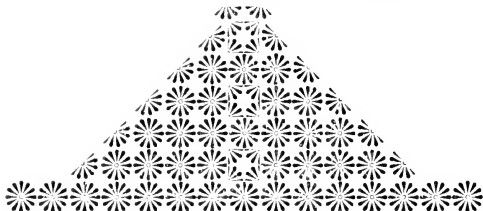
MODERN LITERATURE.

Of modern literature, how much is trash?
 And a kind of 'literary hash;'
 Where, if you discover one new thought,
 'Tis like a diamond, sticking to the snout
 Of a pig, whose little dirty nose,
 Always roots in dirt, where e'er it goes.

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POEMS
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,
INCLUDING
AN APOSTROPHE
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